

PARIS FASHIONS

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Paris, March 8.—Here is an example of the beautiful gowns that will be seen in Paris on Easter and afterward. The sketch here given shows the fetching style of make-up, and I wish it could be shown in the French combination of colors—blue and green, the contrast that must be artistically handled, else it is far from pretty. But the French dressmaker knows just the shades of green and blue that will blend harmoniously. The particular gown that I selected from a number to sketch is of a soft, blue cloth of light weight. The high collar, yoke and narrow front are of green silk embroidered in red rosebuds. A jacket effect is formed of the blue cloth braided with black silk braid. The skirt falls straight, and is well decorated with a braided design.

Light and dainty silk bodices are worn in Paris upon all possible occasions. There are hundreds of new and attractive designs for them. Five fetching models are here illustrated. Taking them in order, the first is a soft shade of green silk covered with a coarse lace in cream tint. The short yoke and high collar are of the tuck silk and plain, rounded lapels of the green tulle form a bertha, which outlines the yoke. A fall of lace fastened at the front gives a soft and dainty touch.

The next blouse is in shirtwaist shape. This is of bright blue tulle, machine-stitched with black. There are broad pleats with tulle crosswise tucks running between them to below the bust line. The back is made with a yoke, the lower part of the blouse joining it with three pleats that narrow down to the waist. The tucked collar is cut up high behind the ears.

The next is a rich red tulle, with yoke and sleeves tucked around and around. A circular piece of lace in deep vandyke points forms the bertha. The sleeve comes long over the hand in a rounded point.

A lovely effect is shown in a black and white bodice. This is made of mousseline de sole gathered over white tulle. Black embroidered tulle goes over the front.

A pink tulle blouse is beautifully made with black machine-stitching and narrow black braid as a finish. Tucks run around the lower part of the bodice.

These blouses are worn with black skirts in silk, satin or fancy materials upon semidress occasions and with cloth jacket-and-skirt street suits.

Short at the back and long at the front is the fashion in waists. Tailors, therefore, are making belts to go with cloth skirts that come up high and pointed at the back like a giraffe and narrow down to almost nothing at the back. There are any number of exquisite gold and silver filigree buckles to fasten the belts at the front. Stuffed collars and belts are well liked, and give a very neat and tailorlike style to a garment. Even with very sheer and fluffy bodices one will see belts and collars of stitched silk, satin or panne. It is these little touches of style that count for so much in the smartness of the season's costumes.

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DOES LOVE BEGET LOVE?

The Maid, the Bachelor and the Matron Give Their Views.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
But I love you, sir.
And when a woman says she loves a man,
The man must hear her, though he love her not.
—Elizabeth B. Browning.

It was The Girl with the gray eyes who first touched upon the subject. The Girl is earnest, if she is impulsive, and more given to deep thinking than she is usually credited with. Of course, the conversation was drifting that way, but The Girl has a way of putting things "in a nutshell" that is sometimes startling. Others may ramble on for some minutes trying to explain the point of their remarks when The Girl appears on the scene and utters one terse sentence that covers the whole ground. So, when she settled back in her chair, put the tips of her fingers together, tipped her head to one side in the little birdlike way that is characteristic of her, the balance of the party paused to hear the epigram. And it came:

"Does love beget love?"
Now, The Girl has some very fixed opinions on this subject, or she thinks she has. The latter part of this remark of mine I should not like to have her hear, for it is never pleasant to be told that we may change our minds. I only say that The Girl may one day—but this is another story.

The Girl says she does not believe that love begets love. The Bachelor of the party said that his views upon the subject were just opposite to those of The Girl. And now The Girl says she knows the Bachelor was only speaking superficially. But I shall let them quarrel about that point and settle it between themselves. I am only wondering if, in trying to convince one another that he is wrong, that she is wrong, each may not find some new charm in the other and so discover that love is a very strange and mysterious thing whether it enters the heart of only one or the hearts of two at the same instant, or lingers timidly around, waiting to be coaxed and wheedled or begged—love can never be driven. For, when all is said and done, who can tell when love may come, or how love may come?

To Chloe's breast young Cupid shyly stole,
But he crept in at Mrs. B's pocket-hole.

The Girl says that she has watched carefully and noted fully love's failure to beget love. But the Bachelor quoted Mrs. Browning.

"But I love you, sir; and when a woman says she loves a man, the man must hear her, though he loves her not." And as The Bachelor is supposed to be quite an authority, I rather think he had the better of the argument. In spite of The Girl's belief that he spoke only superficially. And, in fact, The Bachelor took his side and helped him out wonderfully.

"Love begets love," she said, "because there are no more willing hands than those of love to fetch and carry; no more seeing eyes than those of love, which, though often called blind, have a clearer vision than any other eyes and can detect those things that are hidden from all others. There is no more considerate mind than the mind of love, no heart more generous than the heart of love toward its beloved. No more un-

self, willing slave is there than the man who loves a woman or the woman who loves a man. And do you think that there is a human heart that can hold out against all this? If you should find such a heart, then do not try out if it does not keep up, for it has simply proved itself a heart incapable of feeling, and surely you do not want to go all the days of your life going down your treasures before the heart that never could understand." Oh, you, love begets love, provided—

"Provided" what? said the girl with the gray eyes, as she leaned toward The Bachelor, with impulsive eagerness.

"Provided," continued the Bachelor, "love has an opportunity to express itself in the many tender and devoted little ways that we all know it is capable of. Sometimes, alas! even love cannot find a way

to make itself known without boldness, and love always shrinks from this. Indeed, love is seldom acceptable when it comes first with bold assertiveness."

A woman so soon finds herself in love that she finds herself also bound by a thousand traditions. I would not say that these are not good or that it is not well to go to all the days of your life going down your treasures before the heart that never could understand. Oh, you, love begets love, provided—

"Provided" what? said the girl with the gray eyes, as she leaned toward The Bachelor, with impulsive eagerness.

self alone—it is willing to give.

I could tell you a dozen little stories, but as you may look about you any day and read from real life story of the same kind, I will refrain from writing them and only suggest that you do the more interesting thing of casting around to locate them for yourself. There is the serious and scholarly man, maybe, who lives next door to you. A girl visitor comes into that home. She isn't at all like the ideal woman of his dreams. But she takes it into her little head to become very fond of him. At first he looks on indifferently. And then he begins to enjoy the novel experience of seeing a vivid blush overspread her cheek and throat when he comes in unexpectedly. He finds her reading and seats himself beside her and with polite conversationality asks her what she is reading. Then, after a while, he finds there is a charm in being

watched and waited for. It is so novel, too, to have someone delicately solicitous about whether he is cold when he comes in from the snowy streets in the evening. Then he marks a willingness on the part of the girl to care more for what pleases him than what pleases herself, and soon that quiet and scholarly man finds himself worshipping the very ground over which the light feet of that only ordinary little woman trip. Where is his ideal woman, the woman of his dreams, the woman who is brilliant and brainy and with a bearing like a queen?

When the truth is told he has a little struggle to give her up, but, after all, he reasons with himself, such a one might not have been as uselessly devoted as the ordinary little woman has led him so modestly, yet so surely, to know that she can be. Now for weeks he had no intention of loving that girl, but from the first she knew, as women do, that she had met her fate. I am certain that when you have noted these little particulars of your quiet and scholarly neighbor's life, you will rather incline toward believing that love begets love.

And a man who first loves a woman and would that she love him to return—oh, I shall have to admit, what has never been a secret, that if he will let her see that he places her above all others, that her pleasure and happiness are his first thought in time—in a very little time, too, he will discover that she has made up so large a part of her life that she does not like to fancy even how lovely existence would seem without his devotion. "Paint heart," you know, "never won fair lady."

A woman who is worthy an honest man's love is worth waiting for.

I have heard you and your friends say, laughingly, "Well, at last Mary has married John! I thought she'd have to go to

rid of him." Now, the truth of the matter was all known, was this? Mary, too, something of a flirt, had got a weary heart. Even flirts have hearts you know if you only know how to reach the And John, though he wasn't handsome, wealthy, loved her deeply, dearly enough to be very patient and tender. Many times Mary fairly hated herself for the unkindness she had shown him, and she wished that which she was mean toward him that he would be mean to her in return. But she knew well enough that John loved her too much to wound her. And at this time Mary was falling deeper and deeper in love.

Yes, love begets love, provided—but the little Matron has told of this only and possible exception when it does not, or rather, cannot.

MARGARET HANNIS.

Their Wives and Husbands.

Mina Tereza, the great Wagnerian soprano, is unmarried. Ernest Van Dyck, the popular opera favorite, has been married a number of years. His wife is a brilliant woman, a daughter of Servais, the great Belgian "celiste." The Van Dycks have two young daughters and live in a beautiful home near Lima. They entertain lavishly.

Jean de Redon, as all the world knows, was married only a couple of years ago to a beautiful Frenchwoman. His brother Edmond, however, married many years ago, and has four lovely daughters.

Signor Scotti is a bachelor, and M. Salera married recently a beautiful girl from his native province in the Italian Pyrenees. She accompanies him on his trip to America this winter.

Heri Dupet, when he married a lovely Russian girl of 21 ten years ago, robbed the stage of a great actress. She never misses a performance when her husband appears, is frequently at rehearsals, and her husband says she is his best critic.



FRENCHY NOTIONS IN SEPARATE BODICES.